Fire Breather by BeautyInChains

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Dirty Talk, Exhibitionism, Implied Human Ashtray, Light Dom/sub, M/M, Masturbation, Sexual Fantasy, Smoking, Smoking Kink, Underage Drinking, Voyeurism, guys i don't even know, maybe slight dubcon because Steve is drunk?
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Summary:

"Can you just," Steve huffs out a sigh, knees knocking together.
"Just what, baby?"
"I wanna watch you."

Steve has a smoking kink.

Fire Breather

Author's Note:

> Guys. Guys I dunno what happened. I mean. I kind of know what happened, I have a smoking kink. And Steve smokes sometimes. And Billy smokes. Billy smokes so good. I had to do it.
>
> Title borrowed from Laurel's Fire Breather, which is a damn good song! I was introduced to it through a Harringrove fan vid on youtube (I'll have to find the link!), which is also damn good.
>
> As always: unbeta'd, comments/con-crit/kudos most welcome. I'm really curious to know if anyone else is into this. Also, I'm super up for hearing about everyone's kinks because I'm always looking for inspiration!
>
> So, I hope you enjoy!

"Mmm, I fuckin' love that."

Steve is a little drunk. Okay, maybe more than a little drunk. Billy eyes Steve in the passenger seat of his Camaro, with his brows furrowed in confusion, cigarette dangling from between his lips.

"Love what?" Billy asks, and Steve licks his lips at the bob and sway of the cigarette as Billy speaks.

"That," Steve says, managing to mime a vague smoking gesture, "Just the way your mouth...and your fingers." Steve gets like this sometimes when he drinks. *Fixated*. Billy's got to admit, it's pretty endearing.

Billy chuckles low, quirks a brow at Steve, "Oh yeah?"

Steve's twisted in his seat, long legs drawn up, bottom lip caught between his teeth. Billy knows that look and his heart beats a little bit faster for it.

"Yeah, fuck."

Billy shakes his head with a smile, "You're drunk."

"Can you just," Steve huffs out a sigh, knees knocking together.

"Just what, baby?"

"I wanna watch you," Steve murmurs and Billy struggles to hear him over the stereo.

"I don't know what you-" Billy stops. Steve has captured his cigarette between two long fingers, pulling it from his lips and placing it between his own. Steve takes a short drag before returning the cigarette to Billy. Billy's lips instinctively curl around the filter, brushing the pads of Steve's fingers. Steve moans softly, smoke curling out of his mouth on the exhale.

Billy catches Steve's wrist before he can think to withdraw and holds it in place as he takes a long drag. The cherry smolders brightly in the dark of the car. Steve's eyes are blown, almost black and Billy feels his cock twitch.

"The quarry," Steve says suddenly as he draws back leaving the cigarette between Billy's lips.

"What-" Billy starts, but abruptly cuts himself off as Steve cups himself through his jeans, "Ah, fuck. Yeah, okay. Quarry."

Billy puts the pedal to the metal, doesn't let up on the gas for a second. Steve doesn't let up either, slumped down now into the passenger seat, knees parted as far as the space allows. He's managed to work his hand down the front of his jeans without undoing them and Billy can see him jerking himself off out of the corner of his eye; almost swerves off the road.

"Jesus Christ, Harrington."

"Uh huh," Steve moans, eyes still fixed on Billy's mouth, on the cigarette, "*Fuck*, Billy come on."

Billy raises his left hand, clasps the cigarette between his trembling

fingers and takes a long, deep drag. The smoke fills his mouth, his throat, his lungs; cheeks hollowed as he sucks. Steve's hand speeds up. It becomes increasingly hard to focus on the road ahead with the steady, unmistakable *thwap* of Steve's fist working his leaking cock beneath the denim.

"Don't you fucking come," Billy growls on the exhale, smoke billowing past his lips, out his nostrils.

It's another minute or two before Billy rolls up to the quarry, gravel flying as he whips the car into park and turns off the ignition. Steve's already pulling his dick out, and *fuck*. Sometimes Billy forgets how big he is, how long and thick. How huge Steve's cock looks even when he's got one of his massive fucking hands wrapped around it.

Billy turns in his seat, works his own jeans open. Steve rucks up his t-shirt beneath his chin with a moan.

"Look at me," Billy murmurs roughly, taking another drag as he fists his cock. He's hard, has been since Steve shoved his fucking hand down his pants. When Billy exhales this time he does it slow, does it angled down so the smoke rolls down the length of his cock and the sound Steve makes is damn near inhuman, "You like that?"

"Yes."

"What is it, baby? You like a bad boy, or you just like picturin' somethin' else in my mouth?"

"I-both. I like both."

"So what d'you want, huh? You wanna shotgun? You want me to blow it all over your cock? Or maybe," Billy rumbles, drawing it out, "You wanna be my ashtray?"

Steve whines, hips hitching.

"Oh, *sweetheart*. That's fuckin' naughty. Who would'a known you were such a slut?"

Billy catches his bottom lip between his teeth, stretches his arm far enough forward that he can ash the cigarette onto once of Steve's

undoubtedly expensive leather boots, watches Steve's cock surge in his hand, watches a bead of precome slip past Steve's slit and run down his length.

"Fuck, Billy."

Billy's not a fucking moron. This is something new, different. They haven't discussed it before and Steve's drunk. He's not going to do something Steve might regret, something they can't take back. But talking? Billy's good at talking. He can give Steve that.

"Where would you want it, baby?"

"I don't know."

Billy takes another long drag, holds it, "I don't think that's true, baby." Steve watches raptly as the smoke pours from Billy's mouth, rolls over his bottom lip as he speaks, "See, I think you've thought about this before. I think you know exactly where you want it. Show me."

"Here," Steve murmurs breathlessly as he runs his thumb through the ash on his boot, smearing it over the leather and into his skin, "And here," he continues as he runs his thumb down his chest, right down his sternum, leaving a smudge of ash in its wake. Billy swallows hard as Steve opens his mouth, shoves his ashy thumb inside and Billy can hear the word *here*, garbled and wet. Steve presses his thumb down against his tongue, dragging it against his taste buds and then his eyes are fluttering shut, balls drawing up and body tensing as he spurts over his fist, up his chest and into the underside of his shirt.

"*Christ*, Steve."

Steve sucks on his thumb as he milks his cock, pulling and squeezing until there's nothing left. Billy eyes the dark ashen smudge on Steve's sweaty chest, his nipples peaked and hard, the thick white come that oozes over his fist and down his shaft and promptly loses it. He rears up, fist flying, the top of his head slamming into the roof of the Camaro, cigarette barely caught between his teeth; but it doesn't matter because he's coming with a moan around the filter, busting all over Steve's messy cock and balls as Steve blinks up at him in surprise, thumb slipping from his mouth.

"Fuck," Billy says finally, his gaze dropping to the mess they've made. This wasn't how he thought he night was gonna go. Well, *not exactly*. He plucks the remnants of the cigarette from his lips and crushes it into his ashtray, almost jumps when Steve starts laughing. Steve releases his cock, lets it slap wetly against his come covered belly and pushes the hair off his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Fuck," Steve agrees as his laughter tapers off. Billy wrinkles his nose as Steve rolls his shirt back down, wiping his hands down his front as his goes. He makes a thoughtful little sound in the back of his throat as their jizz begins to soak through.

"Your shirt is fucked," Billy snickers before following suit and wiping his own hand off on Steve's shirt, which is looking decidedly less pastel blue than it had when their night began.

"Worth it," Steve says with an exaggerated wink indicative of how drunk Steve still is.

"Alright baby, lemme take you home. Clean you up. We can talk about this," Billy says softly, gesturing at the spent cigarette between them, "Tomorrow."

Steve cheeks have gone a bit more pink as he pauses in tucking himself away, but he nods, "Yeah, okay. Tomorrow."